

WEEKLY CLARKSVILLE CHRONICLE.

R. W. THOMAS, Editor.]

VOLUME 8.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1857.

NUMBER 13.

Business Cards.

JOB WORK!

WE are prepared to execute Job Work of every description, at this Office, with neatness and dispatch—and, therefore, ask a continuance of the custom that we have heretofore received.
January 1st, 1856

Washington Hotel.

CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.
S. R. MOORE, Proprietor.

Having taken the above Hotel, the proprietor is prepared to entertain Company. He hopes by diligence and constant attention to give reasonable satisfaction. A share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.
Jan. 9, 1857—ly

J. M. RICE,

Dealer in Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

HATS, BONNETS, BOOTS, & SHOES, CHINA and Glassware &c., &c.

No. 8 FRANKLIN ROW

NEW FALL GOODS.

JOSEPH M. RICE, has received his stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS, large and cheap for sale. Call and see.
Sept 14/55—f

Charles & Poindexter.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.

Will practice in the Courts of Montgomery, Stewart, Robertson, Dixon & Humphreys counties, Tenn., and of Christian county Ky.
Particular attention given to the collection of claims in any part of Middle Tennessee and the adjoining counties of Ky.
April 30, '55—f

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 1, 1856.

THOMPSON GREENFIELD becomes a partner in our firm from this date.

FELLOWES & Co.

Commission Merchants
No. 149 Common st.,
New Orleans.

CORNELIUS FELLOWES,
DANIEL P. LOGAN,
THOMPSON GREENFIELD,
Sept 8, '56—fm

OLDHAM, PITTUS & Co.,

(Successors to Porter & Smith)
TOBACCO SELLERS,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
TRICE'S LANDING, TENNESSEE.
Sept 14/55—f

D. O. KERRICK,
J. M. YOUNG,
O. M. BLACKMAN,
W. S. POINDexter

Kessoe, Blackman & Co.,

WHOLESALE
GROCERS,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING
MERCHANTS
—AND—
Steam Boat Agents.

NEW FIRE PROOF BUILDING.
Fronting the Wharf, CLARKSVILLE, TENN.
Dealers in Iron, Nails, Cotton Yarns &c.
Jan 9, '57—f

O. N. SMITH,

Commission And Forwarding
MERCHANTS
—AND—
TOBACCO SALESMAN.

Fire Proof Warehouse.
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.
Selling daily every Tuesday—f

Sale Days Tuesdays and Thursdays,
Feb. 9, 1855—f

JOSEPH M. JONES,

TOBACCO SELLER,
Forwarding, Storage and Commission
MERCHANT.

Fire-proof Warehouse, Linwood Landing, one mile
below Trice's Landing, on Cumberland River.
Selling daily every Tuesday—f

Dr. R. D. McCauley,

of Louisville, Ky., offers his professional services to the citizens of Clarksville and surrounding country in the various branches of his profession. His office is at the Drug Store of Beverly and McCauley; residence at W. V. Valliant's, opposite the Cumberland Presbyterian Church.
August 22, 1856—f

DR. JOHN E. DANGERFIELD.

Residence, third house East of the Presbyterian Church. Office, Strawberry Alley, opposite the court house.
Clarksville, Jan. 11, '56—ly

KIMBLE & BROADBODUS,

Attorneys at Law
Office over Hornberger and House.
CLARKSVILLE, TENNESSEE.
July 11/55—f

Dr. E. R. Dabney,

Office on Strawberry Alley under Chronicle
Office.
April 4 '55—f

Bryan & Robinson.

TOBACCO FACTORS AND GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
71 Camp Street, New Orleans.

No liabilities incurred, except upon produce. In hand—please read annexed statement.
New Orleans, 24th March, 1856:

A report having lately been put in circulation in Clarksville, Tennessee, and the vicinity, that BRYAN & ROBINSON, of this city, had failed we the undersigned pronounce it false and without foundation.

LEVY & SUMMERS, JOS. W. ALLEN,
HEWITT, NORTON & CO., PERKINS & CO.
WILLS, RAWLINS & CO., R. EATMAN,
& CO. MOORE & VAN CULLEN FELLOWS
& CO., JAMES TURNER T. GREENFIELD
April, 4 '56.

GENERAL AGENCY AND LAW OFFICE

S. M. RYE, CHAS. C. SMITH.

DYE & SMITH,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Clarksville, Tennessee.

Will practice Law and attend to the collection of claims in the Counties of Montgomery, Stewart, Robertson and Dickson, Tenn., also in the Counties of Christian, Todd, Logan and Trigg, Ky. We will also act as general agents in the purchase and sale of Real and Personal Estate, and in the transaction of business of every kind.
May 30 1856—f

S. A. FRASER & BRO.

HAVE bought John H. Pritchett's entire interest in the House of S. A. Fraser & Co., and will continue the business at the old stand. Our stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods is large and well selected. We have a good lot of heavy goods, Boots, Shoes, Blankets, and Hats. Ladies' Dress goods, Silks, Delaines, and Merinos. Also a good assortment of all kinds of goods. We invite you to examine and by strict attention to business we hope to be able to give satisfaction to those who favor us with a call at No. 10 Franklin street.
S. A. FRASER, BROTHER.
Nov '56—f

Melantines, Ambrotypes, Stereotypes!

IF you wish to get a good and lasting likeness, call at J. G. POINDexter & Co.'s Sky and Starlight Daguerrean Gallery, west side of the Square, above the Democratic Reading Room, the only place where that new and beautiful style of pictures, the Melantines, is taken—they having purchased the rights. Give them a call, examine their various styles, and then judge for yourselves. Ambrotypes put in Pins and Lockets with the greatest care. If Ambrotypes taken for \$1.50.
Clarksville, Dec. 1, 1856

P. J. YOUNG,

MERCHANT TAILOR.
HAS moved on Franklin street, opposite the Court-house. He solicits a share of public patronage. All garments made up and insured to fit in good style. He also intends to keep of his own manufacture. Call and see for yourself.
Clarksville, Jan. 11, '56—ly

STARTLING

DISCLOSURE!
W. O. VANCE.

For whom the Public was, a short time since, an enigma, to keep a sharp look out has at length been found. Full proof about him of all the charges which were preferred against him. The charge against him of having opened the most complete and best and cheapest stock of Drugs, Medicine &c., ever brought to Clarksville, is abundantly proven by hundreds of witnesses who have called upon him at his New Establishment of the store formerly occupied by Thomas and Vardell. They all testify that he sells better drugs, better bargains, and waits upon them better than any one else ever did before. That he is a skillful purchaser, and good judge of drugs, it is also proven by the reputation which he has with the Eastern Druggists of being a No. 1 buyer. They say there that he bought all his stock of either the Manufacturers or Druggists, and thus getting them of first hands procured drugs of much better quality, as well as much cheaper than usual. As his stock is now thronged and purchased with unusual care those who prefer their Medicine fresh and pure, would do well to patronize him. Physicians, Country Merchants and wholesale Dealers particularly requested to give him a call, as he is confident he can sell them at lower rates than they can buy this side the Eastern Market.

THE PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, shall receive his most particular attention. No matter what the ailment will be attended to, but himself. Scrupulous care accuracy and neatness shall be observed in this department and none but drugs of the finest quality shall be used in the composition of Prescriptions. By ringing a bell attached to the front Door he can be attended at any hour of the night. His terms are six months to punctual dealers. Liberal discount for cash.

His stock embraces every thing usually kept in Drug Stores. In addition to
Drugs, Poisons, Paints, Medicals, Oils, Dyes, Stuffs, Turpentine, Wines, Glaciers, Looking Glass plates, Ranges, Fish Balls, Toilet Preparations, Gold Pens, Pocket Knives, Musical Instruments, Toys, Game Bags, Sporting Apparatus, and Miscellaneous and Fancy articles of every description.
July 25 '56—ly WALTER O. VANCE

THE FASTEST AND FINEST STEAMBOAT

IN THE WORLD.
DANIEL BOONE.

JAS. LEE, MASTER.

Leaves Clarksville for Memphis every Wednesday night, passes on to New Orleans every Monday evening. Passengers for New Orleans will be sure of getting a boat at Memphis without any detention.
KEESSE BLACKMAN & CO.,
Jan 9, '57—3m. Agents.

CHANCERY NOTICE.

Jos. T. Marshall, vs. Thos. L. Hobson, Jo. C. Yarbrough, J. W. Cloggett and E. T. Swift.

In this cause it appearing to the satisfaction of the Clerk & Master from the affidavits in the bill that the said Thos. L. Hobson, Jo. C. Yarbrough, and J. W. Cloggett, are nonresidents of the State of Tennessee, so that the ordinary process of law cannot be served upon them. It is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Clarksville Chronicle, a newspaper published in Clarksville, for four successive weeks, requiring said nonresidents personally to appear before the Clerk at the next term of the Chancery Court to be held in Clarksville on the 4th Monday in April, 1857, and plead, answer, or demur to said bill, and to answer the bill, or to appear and set out the grounds of his defense as follows:
THOS. J. NUNFORD, C. & M.
Dec. 15, '56—4w

The Clarksville Chronicle.

Printed Weekly on a double-medium sheet every Friday morning, at

\$2 Per annum, in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

FOR ONE SQUARE OF TWELVE LINES OR LESS.
One insertion \$1.00 Two months \$4.50
Two insertions 1.50 Three months 5.00
Three insertions 2.00 Six months 9.00
One month 2.50 Twelve months 15.00

The Clarksville Publishing Company.

Chartered by the Legislature of Tennessee.

POETRY.

I'M GROWING OLD.

(The following beautiful stanza first appeared in the Andover Advertiser, and were written, as we happen to know, by a lady of New York. However it may be with the frail physical frame, the heart, we are sure, that gushes out in these lines, can never "grow old.")

I'm growing old—'tis surely so;
And yet how short it seems,
Since I was but a sportive child,
Enjoying childish dreams.

I cannot see the change that comes
With such an even pace,
I mark not when the wrinkles fall
Upon my fading face.

I know I'm old; and yet my heart
Is just as young and gay
As e'er it was before my looks
Of bright brow turned to gray.

I know these eyes, to other eyes
Look not so bright and glad
As once they looked; and yet 'tis not
Because my heart's more sad.

I never watched with pensive joy
The floating clouds and glowing skies,
While glistening tears of rapture fill
Those old and fading eyes.

And when I mark the cheek, where once
The bright rose used to glow,
It grieves me not to see instead
The almond crown my brow.

I've seen the flower grow old and pale,
And withered more than I;
I've seen it lose its very charm,
Then drop away and die.

And then I've seen it rise again,
Bright as the morning sky,
And young and pure and beautiful—
And felt that so shall I.

Then what if I am growing old—
My heart is glowing still,
And God has given me enough
This loving heart to fill.

I love to see the sun go down,
And lengthening shadows throw
Along the ground, while o'er my head
The clouds in crimson glow.

I see, beyond those gorgeous clouds
A country bright and fair,
Which needs no sun; God and the Lamb
Its light and beauty are.

I seem to hear the wondrous song
Redeemed sinners sing,
And my heart leaps to join the throng
To praise the Heavenly King.

I seem to see three cherub boys,
As hand in hand they go,
With golden curls and snowy wings,
Whose eyes with rapture glow.

When I was young I called them mine—
Now Heaven's sweet ones are they;
But I shall claim my own again,
When I am called away.

Perhaps, when heaven's bright gate I've passed,
They'll know from every other,
The one who gave them back to God,
And haste to call me mother.

Oh! I am glad I'm growing old!
For every day I spend,
Shall bring me one day nearer that
Bright day that has no end.

Editing a newspaper, says a contemporary with truth, is a good deal like making a fire. Every body supposes he can do it. A little better than any body else. We have seen people doubt their fitness for apple peddling, driving oxen and counting with; but in all our experience, we never yet met with that individual who did not think he could "double the circulation of any paper in two months."

"Whole families" in this latitude are of the latter opinion.

Judging from the enormous circumference of the dress worn by the ladies of the present day, we feel inclined to the truth of the old saw, that a "miss is as good as a mile."

UTAH.—According to a census recently taken in the Territory of Utah, it appears that the population, exclusive of some thinly settled districts, the returns of which have not been received, amounted to 77,000.

The prosperity of man lies in this one word—Education. Convey humanity to this fountain of happiness, and you bestow everything—all means of power and greatness.

A character which combines the love of enjoyment with the love of duty, and the ability to perform it, is the one whose untoldings give the greatest promise of perfection.

A shrewd little fellow, who had just begun to read Latin, astonished his teacher by the following translation: "Vir, a man; gin, a trap; virgin—a man-trap."

MISCELLANY.

The Lady Eveline.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

[CONCLUDED.]

CHAP. IV.—THE PLAGUE.

It was three years after the departure of Talbot from Norman Castle, when a noble looking cavalier stood in the streets of London, and gazed around him with mingled astonishment, awe and horror. It was the year of the great plague. The pestilence was at its height. The whole city, as if doomed to destruction, had put on sackcloth and ashes. On every hand around him was fear, misery, distress and death. The houses of entertainment were closed—the shops seemed to have been shut up for months—the streets were silent, deserted, and in many places grass-grown; and everywhere around him, in the hurried pace of the passengers, the desolation of every visible thing, and most of all in the closed houses, with the terrible cross chalked upon them, and the fearful motto, "The Lord have mercy upon us," written above to tell of infection within, the cavalier saw the marks of the destroying pestilence.

Long and with wonder he gazed around him. He had obviously just arrived in the city, for everything seemed to wear to him an unexpected aspect. A stranger! and in such a place. What madness could have prompted him to enter the infected walks?

The man of the cavalier was noble as we have said; but it only vied with the splendor of his costume. Not that there was naught of foppery in his dress. On the contrary, everything he wore was for that age, singularly plain. But the materials were all of the most costly kind, and there was an air of wealth in everything upon his person. Even the few passengers abroad in the streets involuntarily lifted their hats to him as he passed. He was unattended, however, by servants; for riches themselves failed to tempt men into this fearful post-house. Why then was he here?

The night was closing in when the stranger reached—Church. The congregation appeared about leaving the doors. He stepped up to them, but all shrank from him, as they shrank from each other. Few as their numbers were they seemed to fear contamination from every one they met. The cavalier looked within the church. It was almost deserted. The clergyman had already disappeared. An old sexton, except the rapidly retreating worshippers, was the only person visible. But even he appeared about avoiding the stranger, until a piece of gold, bestowed on him by the cavalier, proved too strong for his fears.

Your honor," said the old man, in a thin piping voice, which told how high the owner was to the grave, "would not deceive me, for the love of God. You are not infected?"

"I am not; but it must be a terrible visitation when such a question has to be asked."

"Terrible—terrible it is indeed! The Lord have mercy upon us," answered the sexton—"what would your honor say if I told you at most a thousand die daily, and that the graveyards are full long ago. They bury them now in trenches, hundreds at a time. The plague increases hourly. A neighbor meets you to-day and to-morrow he is dead. You know not whom to trust. Even now—though God forbid—your honor may have the tokens upon you, and before midnight be a corpse. Good Lord deliver us!"

Is it indeed so awful?—I am a stranger, and had heard something of this, but the truth far exceeds the worst description.

"I thought your honor was not a citizen, or maybe I might not have been so ready to talk with you; no offense, I hope. But as you say it is an awful time. Nobody comes here to church but these few you saw, and they are nearly all the people who are yet healthy in our parish. Ah! but they this day. There was one young lady here but yesterday. She went home, and complained of feeling unwell. Her mother tore off the scarf from her bosom, and found the token there. She shrieked out and fainted away. Well to-day the mother too is carried off, for I needn't say that her daughter died in less than an hour after she reached home yesterday."

"Good God!" said the cavalier, "and is this indeed true?"

"True as that I'm talking now to your honor. But that is not the worst. Whole families are sometimes cut off in a few days. As soon as a house gets infected they mark it and close it, setting watchmen to guard it, and go errands for those inside. They allow nobody to go in but a nurse. Sometimes she enters, and the house is then shut, never to be opened again until the watchmen break in and find them all dead. And this too happens every day. That large brick house yonder last week had a happy family within it. Five days ago the youngest child was taken with the plague—the house was marked—they learned a day after that two more were sick, and then nothing was heard from inside for two days, till the watchmen, fearing all was not right, broke in, and found them all dead to a soul. Out your honor or it is a terrible visitation, the Lord God Almighty have mercy upon us."

"Amen!" ejaculated the cavalier.

"They do say, too, that it is even worse in the next parish. What few of the nobility remain in town have not escaped. It wasn't two

hours ago, since I heard how there was one family was almost all swept away, a lord something, I think—he staid in town thinking the plague would reach none but the poor.—He had a lovely daughter, too—I've seen her myself sometimes at church here, and a sweet being she was—well they say she was either carried off by it, or was very bad with it. I don't venture to say which. Their names, as I recollect now, were Norman."

"Good God!" ejaculated the cavalier, gasping for breath, and almost staggering against the neighboring doorway.

"Why, is your honor ill?—surely, surely I haven't been talking," and the old man retreated hastily, "all this while to one who is infected."

"No—I am better now—it was only a momentary illness—but for Heaven's sake give me the direction to Lord Norman's mansion."

The old man hastily gave the required information, though without again approaching the cavalier, and then bidding "God bless him!" shuffled tottering away, looking every now and then, however, suspiciously at the stranger.

And that stranger almost flew from the church in the direction pointed out by the old sexton. Danger he appeared to laugh at, for he was rushing into the very heart of the infected district. But what feared he? Reader, that daring cavalier was Raymond Talbot, now no longer a poor commoner, but the wealthy Earl of Essendale.

CHAP. V.—THE VICTIM.

SINCE we last saw Raymond Talbot a great change had come over his features. He had left England within a few days after his last interview with Eveline, and after serving with some distinction on the Continent, had been received into high favor at the court of France. His name spread far and wide as that of one of the most gallant cavaliers of the day, and he had wished it the hand of more than one fair heiress might have been his own. But though he mingled with such guests in all the amusements of the court, it was noticed that something of melancholy seemed always to pervade his thoughts. To all the solicitations of his more prudent friends that he would repair his fortune by taking the hand of some of the numerous heiresses, whom he had to seek to win, he answered only by a faint smile, accompanied with the declaration that he should never marry.

But fortune had a lot in store for him, of which he little dreamed. His cousin, who by purchasing the sequestered estates of the family during the days of the commonwealth, and subsequently becoming connected by marriage with the all-powerful Duke of Albemarle, had been enabled to hold the lands of the earldom against the better claim of Talbot, was killed suddenly, without leaving any children, within a short six months after the death of his wife. As Talbot was his next male heir the property once more returned into his hands.

This intelligence reached him by the same conveyance with which came a letter from a friend, who, without knowing that Talbot was ever acquainted with Eveline Norman, mentioned her as the belle of the court; but added that she had lately been ill, some supposed by consumption, and that a contemplated marriage between her and a baronet, a neighbor of her father, had been broken off. He added in description that rumor hinted the disorder of the beauty was a cold melancholy, occasioned, perhaps, by some amorous attachment.

On receiving this intelligence, the heart of Talbot thrilled with strange, wild emotions, which he had imagined would never give place his bosom. Could it be that Eveline loved him? He pressed his hand to his brow, for his brain reeled with strange feelings. A thousand things which he had once disregarded, or which, at the time they happened, he knew not how to interrupt, now flashed on him, as he thought, the conviction became stronger and stronger. His bosom that he had wronged the heart of Eveline. He determined, at least, to return to England and satisfy himself of the truth of his suspicion. He was now in possession of his rightful domain, and might sue for her as any suitor, if not as a superior. The dangers of the plague, which had been raging some time in London, sank into nothing before his impatient spirit. He would brave all and leave his estate. Having now secured for his presence in the midst of the pestilence, let us follow him to the mansion of Lord Norman.

Night had gathered on the narrow streets and thoroughfares of the metropolis before Talbot, for we shall still call him by that name, had reached the shade of which he sought.—And gloomy and dismal seemed that city of the plague. The streets were deserted; an air of desolation was on all around; the dark, old, rickety buildings frowned gloomily on high; and dim and faint across the distance came the sound of the city bells striking the hour. Everything wore a look of melancholy. As he advanced, the evidences of the infection became more apparent, and he soon knew, by fatal signs, that there was the very heart of the pestilence. Whole rows of houses were shut up; with the fearful cross marked on their front; while from others, might be heard shrieks and cries, rising awfully upon the silence. Scarcely a solitary house showed evidence of life, except here and there a light streaming from some window. The watchmen

to guard the infected dwellings stood like so many dusky statues motionless in the twilight Talbot was horror-struck. All that he had heard or read of these awful visitations had given him no picture half so dreadful as this, where death seemed rising on every hand, and the dying perished without aid, sympathy, or prayer.

Suddenly he heard a low, rumbling noise ahead of him, and looking up he beheld a cart moving slowly up the street, attended by masked men carrying flasks, which throwing a lurid glare on the cart, themselves, and the neighboring houses, gave a wild, unearthly appearance to the whole scene. It was the dead cart. Funerals had long since been abandoned, and the miserable victims of the pestilence, of all ranks or sex alike, were now borne indiscriminately to their last homes on this horrid bier. Talbot stood aghast at the sight.—He dared not look again at that terrible cart, and its still more fearful burden; but ever and anon as he hurried along came the harsh notes of its attendants, crying as they passed on, "bring out your dead—bring out your dead."

A sickness came over him. He rushed madly away in another direction, but the same cry pursued him as he flew. He would have stopped his ears to the summons, but he could not shut it out; for still ever and anon, he heard on the night the awful sound "bring out your dead." And years after the cry would ring through his ears, like in the dance, at the council board, or even on the field of battle—"bring out your dead!"

He never knew how he reached the shade of Lord Norman, but at length he stood beneath its massive portal. Suddenly he remembered Eveline.

She might be herself dying. A new feeling seized him—he thought no more of the general misery—it was only for one he cared now. Throbbing loudly at the portal, he stood breathless and impatient waiting for admission.

Five minutes past and there was no reply. He remembered then that there were no watchmen before the door, as in the case of every infected house, and he had heard from the old sexton that the pestilence was in the family. Could Eveline be dead? His cheek blanched and his limbs trembled. He thundered again for admission—a hollow sound echoed within. He looked wildly up and down the street, but not a living being was in sight. Every house in the vicinity appeared to be closed, either from the death or flight of its inhabitants. A solitary lamp or two glimmered faintly in the distance. Still no answer came to the reiterated summons of Talbot.—He became mad with fear. Unable longer to endure his suspense, and satisfied that the mansion was deserted, he was about going to obtain assistance of the authorities to break open the door, when a voice was heard behind him. It was that of a watchman.

"Would your honor wish to know something about this ere house?" said the man, "because if you be a relation or anything like that I could tell ye about it all."

"For God's sake then be quick," said Talbot slipping a piece of gold into his hand.

"Why it's not much yer honor, only they're all dead."

"My God," was all the young earl could say.

"Why as to that, maybe not quite all, your honor—so don't take on so. But the young lady, her that was called so beautiful at court, she be dead to a certainty, and as be most all the servants—but she rest, with the old lord, left the house secretly somehow, leaving everything, even to the corpse behind them. I guess he, too, got taken and went wild. Sometimes they do that. Your honor knows, and run up and down the city and the country, for hours, or even days, until they jump into the river and are drowned, or lie down and die in the streets. Right and poor it makes no difference and it's just as likely as not it has happened to the old lord. Howsunn'er the house be shut up these two days by order of the authorities, and this whole street be the worst in the city. Wouldn't your honor be persuaded to come out of it—be it a mortal quick place to catch the plague in."

The young earl stared wildly at the watchman an instant; passed his hand across his brow as if to recall his receding faculties, and then without answering a word, he drew his hat over his brow and walked down the street. His companion looked after him as he vanished in the twilight.

"Ah! he be mortal sorrowful, almost distracted, poor man. But such things happen every day, though few give me such broad places as this," and with those words the man returned to his post, apparently heedless himself of danger, and still as selfish as in times of universal health.

CHAP. VI.—THE END.

NEARLY a month had passed since the date of the last chapter. The plague was subsiding in London, though its daily victims were still almost countless. But it is not with the metropolis we have to do. Let us change the scene to Norman Castle.

It was a bright, beautiful morning, such a one as that on which Talbot had first entered that old park, when, hampered again, but with how different feelings. Then all appeared fair before his eyes, for hope was high in his bosom—now the chalice had been drained to its dregs, and he was desolate.

Since we last looked upon the young earl he had passed through many scenes. Driven from the door of Lord Norman's mansion by the fearful conviction that Eveline was indeed dead, he had continued for hours in a state almost approaching frenzy, and had only rallied himself to entertain a dream of being beloved by Eveline—to picture to himself years of unalloyed felicity, and all this only to find at last that she was lost to him forever. The horrid conviction, too, of the manner of her death was ever present to his mind. He dared not think of it, and yet he could not forget it. He wandered about the streets of the deserted city, apparently reckless of infection. It was only when his friends interposed, and by mingled remonstrances and entreaties convinced him of the madness of idly mourning the lost, that he consented to leave the metropolis. But he yielded as far to their wishes, the arrow had entered into his soul, and he felt that he could never feel again the freshness of life.—His heart was with Eveline, and she was in the grave.

For nearly a month he occupied himself in visiting his different estates, striving to assuage his grief by constant, ever-changing variety. But his efforts were in vain. The name of Eveline was a spell to break through all his endeavors at forgetfulness, and he found that her memory had become a part